Terrore Nello Spazio

Opera
da Camera
in un Atto

Libretto
by ZJC (2026)

After the film
by Mario Bava
(1965)

PART ONE

TERRORE NELLO SPAZIO

un dramma

Translated and arranged by ZJC (2026)
after the film by Mario Bava

Riceviamo un segnale modulato... sembra una richiesta di soccorso.
(We are receiving a modulated signal... it looks like a distress call.)

ACT 1: THE DESCENT

CHARACTERS:
COMMANDER MARK MARKARY: Stoic, driven by duty and 'Volontà.'
SANYA: The ship's navigator; sensitive to the planet's psychic shifts.
WES: A junior officer, prone to the physical effects of the environment.
THE CREW: Various voices represented as a frantic chorus over the intercom.

SETTING:
The interior of the spaceship **ARGOS**. The lighting is expressionistic—deep crimsons and acidic greens. The 'stage' should feel claustrophobic. Outside the viewports, the planet **AURA** is a swirling mass of toxic mist.

MARKARY
(Into the comms, voice steady)
Attenzione, qui parla il Comandante della Argos. Stiamo entrando nell'orbita del pianeta ignoto.
(Attention. This is the Commander of the Argos. We are entering the orbit of the Unknown Planet.)

SANYA
(Leaning over a glowing radar screen)
Segnale di soccorso captato, Comandante. Proviene dalla Galliott. Ma è frammentario... sembra quasi un’eco dal passato.
(Distress signal intercepted, Commander. It comes from the Galliott. But it is fragmentary... it feels almost like an echo from the past.)

MARKARY
Tentate di stabilire un contatto diretto. Aumentare la schermatura antiradiazioni.
(Attempt to establish direct contact. Increase the anti-radiation shielding.)

CREW VOICE (OFFSTAGE)
(Over the speakers, rising in pitch)
Pressione esterna in aumento... 4.0... 5.0... la struttura non regge! Comandante, la nave sta gridando!
(External pressure increasing... 4.0... 5.0... the structure won't hold! Commander, the ship is screaming!)

WES
(Clutching his head, stumbling)
Sento... un ronzio. Non è nei motori. È qui dentro. Come se qualcuno stesse graffiando il vetro della mia mente.
(I hear... a humming. It’s not in the engines. It’s in here. As if someone were scratching at the glass of my mind.)

MARKARY
(Grabbing Wes by the shoulder)
Resisti, Wes! È la pressione atmosferica che gioca con i tuoi nervi. Restate ai vostri posti!
(Resist, Wes! It is the atmospheric pressure playing with your nerves. Stay at your stations!)

SANYA
(Gasps, staring at the viewport)
Guardate... la nebbia si apre. Ma non è un pianeta, Markary. È un abisso che ci guarda.
(Look... the fog is opening. But it is not a planet, Markary. It is an abyss that is looking back at us.)

CREW VOICE (OFFSTAGE)
(Now screaming)
Non voglio morire così! Lasciatemi uscire! Devo uscire!
(I don't want to die like this! Let me out! I must get out!)

MARKARY
(To Sanya)
Inizia la manovra di atterraggio forzato. Non possiamo abbandonare la Galliott nel vuoto. Se loro sono scesi, noi li seguiremo... fino all'inferno, se necessario.
(Begin the forced landing maneuver. We cannot abandon the Galliott in the void. If they descended, we will follow them... to hell, if necessary.)

STAGE DIRECTION: The lights on the bridge begin to strobe violently. A deafening roar of rushing wind and groaning metal fills the theater. The crew collapses into a heap as the ship pitches forward into the darkness.

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ACT 1, SCENE 2: THE FEVER OF AURA

SETTING:
The bridge is in total disarray. Red emergency lights pulse slowly, like a heartbeat. The sound of the engines has been replaced by a heavy, rhythmic thrumming from the planet outside. The crew members are scattered on the floor, slowly rising.

MARKARY
(Coughing, pulling himself up by the command chair)
Rapporto... Sanya? Wes? Qualcuno mi risponda.
(Report... Sanya? Wes? Someone answer me.)

WES
(Rising slowly, his eyes wide and fixed on nothing)
Perché c'è così tanto silenzio? Il silenzio fa male. È come se... mi stesse mangiando.
(Why is there so much silence? The silence hurts. It is as if... it were eating me.)

SANYA
(In a trance, staring at her hands)
Il rosso... vedo solo il rosso. È il colore del sangue, Comandante. Il sangue che scorre sotto la crosta di questo mondo.
(The red... I see only red. It is the color of blood, Commander. The blood that flows beneath the crust of this world.)

MARKARY
Sanya, riprenditi! Dobbiamo controllare i motori. Se siamo atterrati, dobbiamo sapere se

possiamo ripartire.
(Sanya, snap out of it! We must check the engines. If we have landed, we must know if we can leave.)

WES
(Suddenly turning toward Markary, his voice harsh)
Ripartire? Tu vuoi andartene perché hai paura di me. Ti vedo, Markary. Vedo quello che pensi. Vuoi chiudermi fuori!
(Leave? You want to go because you are afraid of me. I see you, Markary. I see what you are thinking. You want to lock me out!)

MARKARY
Wes, calmati. È l'atmosfera. Respira profondamente.
(Wes, calm down. It’s the atmosphere. Breathe deeply.)

WES
(Lunging at Markary, hands clawing at his throat)
Bugiardo! Sei un invasore! Questo posto mi dice la verità su di te! Muori! Muori prima che mi uccidi tu!
(Liar! You are an invader! This place tells me the truth about you! Die! Die before you kill me!)

STAGE DIRECTION: A chaotic struggle breaks out. It is not a choreographed fight, but a desperate, animalistic brawl. Other crew members (OFFSTAGE) can be heard screaming and fighting in the corridors. The sound is a cacophony of metal hitting metal and human snarls.

SANYA
(Screaming, not at the fight, but at the air)
Basta! Lasciateci stare! Non siamo noi! Qualcosa ci sta usando!
(Enough! Leave us alone! It isn't us! Something is using us!)

MARKARY
(Pinning Wes to the floor, breathing hard)
Wes... guardami... sono Markary. Non lasciarti vincere... la tua volontà... usa la tua volontà!
(Wes... look at me... it’s Markary. Don't let it win... your will... use your will!)

STAGE DIRECTION: Suddenly, as if a switch has been flipped, the rhythmic thrumming outside stops. Wes goes limp. The screaming in the corridors ceases instantly. An oppressive, heavy silence returns.

WES
(Blinking, his voice trembling)
Comandante? Cosa... cosa ho fatto? Le mie mani... perché sono sporche?
(Commander? What... what have I done? My hands... why are they dirty?)

MARKARY
(Helping him up, looking shaken)
Non eri tu, Wes. Era Aura. Il pianeta ha cercato di spezzarci non appena abbiamo toccato il suolo.
(It wasn't you, Wes. It was Aura. The planet tried to break us the moment we touched the ground.)

SANYA
(Looking at the viewports, where the mist is thick and swirling)
Non ha cercato di spezzarci, Markary. Ci ha provato. Ci ha testato. E ora sa... quanto siamo fragili.
(It didn't try to break us, Markary. It tested us. And now it knows... how fragile we are.)

WES
Guardate fuori... il fumo... la nebbia... non si vede nulla.
(Look outside... the smoke... the fog... you can't see anything.)

MARKARY
Dobbiamo trovare la Galliott. Se hanno subito quello che abbiamo subito noi...
(We must find the Galliott. If they suffered what we suffered...)

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ACT 1, SCENE 3: THE EXHUMATION OF SILENCE

CHARACTERS:
MARKARY: Carrying a heavy flashlight and a sensor.
SANYA: Her movements are hesitant, her eyes darting to the mist.
WES: Armed with a laser-pistol, appearing jumpy.

SETTING:
The surface of **AURA**. The stage is buried in thick, rolling fog (the famous Bava 'nebbia'). Jagged, obsidian-colored rock formations loom out of the mist like broken teeth. The sky is a bruised purple. In the distance, the skeletal silhouette of the **GALLIOTT** is barely visible.

SANYA
Il silenzio... è assoluto. Non c'è vento, eppure la nebbia si muove.
(The silence... it is absolute. There is no wind, yet the fog moves.)

WES
Comandante! Là... tra le rocce. È la sagoma della Galliott!
(Commander! There... among the rocks. It's the silhouette of the Galliott!)

MARKARY
(His voice muffled by his helmet)
Rimanete vicini. Se la nebbia si chiude, ci perderemo in un istante. I rilevatori sono quasi inutili qui... c'è troppo ferro nell'aria.
(Stay close. If the fog closes in, we will be lost in an instant. The detectors are almost useless here... there is too much iron in the air.)

WES
(Aimed his weapon at a shadow)
Chi è là? Ho visto qualcosa muoversi tra quelle rocce!
(Who’s there? I saw something move among those rocks!)

SANYA
È solo la nebbia, Wes. Si muove come se avesse una sua volontà. Guarda come si avvolge intorno ai nostri passi... sembra che ci stia assaggiando.
(It’s only the fog, Wes. It moves as if it had a will of its own. Look how it wraps itself around our footsteps... it seems as if it is tasting us.)

MARKARY
(Pointing his light upward)
Eccola. La Galliott. È atterrata quasi intatta, ma non vedo luci. Non vedo segni di vita.
(There it is. The Galliott. It landed almost intact, but I see no lights. I see no signs of life.)

WES
Perché non hanno risposto ai nostri segnali? Se sono vivi, perché restano al buio?
(Why didn't they answer our signals? If they are alive, why do they stay in the dark?)

MARKARY
Forse non possono accendere le luci. Sembra... morta.
(Perhaps they cannot turn on the lights. It seems... dead.)

SANYA
(Stopping suddenly, touching a rock)
Questa pietra... vibra. Ma non è un suono. È un pensiero. Un grido congelato nel tempo. Markary, non dovremmo entrare là dentro.
(This stone... it vibrates. But it isn't a sound. It’s a thought. A scream frozen in time. Markary, we shouldn't go in there.)

MARKARY
Dobbiamo farlo. Se c'è una risposta a quello che ci è successo sul ponte, è dentro quella nave. Sanya, Wes... pronti a tutto.
(We must. If there is an answer to what happened to us on the bridge, it is inside that ship. Sanya, Wes... be ready for anything.)

STAGE DIRECTION: They reach the airlock of the **Galliott**. The door is slightly ajar, hanging off its hinges as if forced from the inside. A low, sickly green light emanates from within. As they step inside, the sound of the wind outside vanishes, replaced by a rhythmic dripping sound.

SANYA
(Whispering)
L'odore... è come di ozono bruciato. E qualcosa... di dolciastro.
(The smell... it's like burnt ozone. And something decaying... sickly sweet.)

WES
Mio Dio... guardate là. Capitano Markary... è l'equipaggio!
(My God... look there. Captain Markary... it's the crew!)

MARKARY
(Shining his light on the floor)
Sangue. Ma è secco. E guardate le pareti... ci sono segni di lotta ovunque. Non è stato un atterraggio, è stato un massacro.
(Blood. But it’s dry. And look at the walls... there are signs of struggle everywhere. It wasn't a landing; it was a massacre.)

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ACT 1, SCENE 4: THE GALLERY OF THE DAMNED

CHARACTERS:
MARKARY: Methodical, checking pulses with a gloved hand.

SANYA: Trembling, her back against the cold metal hull.
WES: Keeping watch at the portal, his shadow elongated and distorted.

SETTING:
The interior of the **GALLIOTT**. The geometry of the ship seems skewed, shadowed by Bava's signature 'Deep Space' lighting—violent purples and sickly yellows. The air is thick with a shimmering haze. Bodies are slumped over consoles, but they are not merely dead; they are positioned like macabre statues.

WES
(A choked whisper)
Dio mio... guardateli. Sono come pietrificati nel momento del loro ultimo terrore.
(My God... look at them. They are like petrified in the moment of their final terror.)

SANYA
(Shining her light on a body slumped over a radar)
È Kier. Era il mio migliore amico. Ma guardate il suo viso... non sembra più lui. È una maschera di odio.
(It's Kier. He was my best friend. But look at his face... it doesn't look like him anymore. It is a mask of hate.)

MARKARY
(Examining a wound on a corpse)
Nessun colpo di arma da fuoco. Si sono uccisi con le mani... con i denti. Si sono sbranati l'un l'altro come bestie in una gabbia troppo stretta.
(No gunshot wounds. They killed each other with their hands... with their teeth. They tore each other apart like beasts in a cage that was too small.)

WES
Perché? Perché loro si sono distrutti e noi no? Siamo uomini anche noi... abbiamo lo stesso sangue.
(Why? Why did they destroy themselves and we didn't? We are men too... we have the same blood.)

MARKARY
(Standing up, looking into the darkness of the corridor)
Forse la loro volontà era più debole. O forse... il pianeta voleva così. Ma guardate bene... c'è qualcosa che non torna.
(Perhaps their will was weaker. Or perhaps... the planet wanted it this way. But look closely... something doesn't add up.)

WES
Cosa volete dire, Comandante?
(What do you mean, Commander?)

MARKARY
Le ferite... non sanguinano. È come se il corpo avesse smesso di essere biologico nel momento della morte. La carne è... cristallizzata.
(The wounds... they aren't bleeding. It is as if the body ceased to be biological at the moment of death. The flesh is... crystallized.)

SANYA
(Pointing to a shadow in the corner)
Markary! Là! Un'ombra si è mossa!
(Markary! There! A shadow moved!)

WES
(Firing his laser into the dark—a burst of red light)
Vieni fuori! Mostrati!
(Come out! Show yourself!)

MARKARY
(Grabbing Wes's arm)
Fermi! Non c'è nessuno. È solo il riflesso della nostra paura. Ma dobbiamo andarcene. Questa nave non è più un rifugio... è un sarcofago. E sento che il coperchio si sta chiudendo.
(Stop! There is no one. It is only the reflection of our fear. But we must leave. This ship is no longer a refuge... it is a sarcophagus. And I feel the lid is closing.)

STAGE DIRECTION: As they turn to leave, the heavy metal door of the bridge begins to groan and slide shut on its own. The rhythmic thrumming of the planet rises in volume, vibrating the very floorboards under their feet.

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ACT 2, SCENE 1: THE CYCLOPEAN RELIC

CHARACTERS:
MARKARY: Leading with a sense of grim fascination.
SANYA: Hypnotized by the sheer scale of the ruins.
WES: Nervous, checking the perimeter of the alien hull.

SETTING:
A different part of the planet **Aura**. The fog is thinner here, but the air glows with a pulsing, rhythmic amber light. In the center of the stage stands the **'Relic'**—a structure that is clearly not of human design. It is organic, ribbed like a ribcage, and vast. The entrance is a jagged hole that looks like a mouth.

WES
(Staring up at the structure, his voice echoing)
Non è una costruzione umana. Guardate le dimensioni... è ciclopica.
(It's not a human construction. Look at the dimensions... it is eldritch.)

SANYA
(Touching the exterior, which pulses with light)
Sento... sento il tempo che preme contro queste pareti. Centinaia, migliaia di anni di solitudine.
(I feel... I feel time pressing against these walls. Hundreds, thousands of years of solitude.)

MARKARY
(Pointing his light into the dark entrance)
Dobbiamo entrare. Se vogliamo capire cosa è successo alla Galliott, dobbiamo capire chi è atterrato qui prima di noi.
(We must enter. If we want to understand what happened to the Galliott, we must understand who landed here before us.)

WES
E se sono ancora dentro? Se ci stanno aspettando?
(And if they are still inside? If they are waiting for us?)

MARKARY
Se fossero vivi, ci avrebbero già ucciso. Su Aura, il silenzio è il segno del vincitore.
(If they were alive, they would have killed us already. On Aura, silence is the sign of the victor.)

STAGE DIRECTION: They step through the jagged entrance. The interior is vast and vaulted. The lighting shifts to deep, bruised blues. In the center of the chamber, two massive, calcified skeletons—three times the size of a man—are slumped in what look like pilot chairs.

SANYA
I giganti... on sembrano morte per un incidente. Guardate la posizione dei corpi.
(The giants... they don't seem to have died by accident. Look at the position of the bodies.)

MARKARY
(Approaching the skeletons, his light scanning their remains)
Guardate i crani. Non ci sono fori di proiettili, né segni di lame. Ma le loro ossa... sono state spezzate dall'interno.
(Look at the skulls. No bullet holes, no blade marks. But their bones... they were broken from the inside.)

WES
(Gasps, falling to her knees)
Forse sono rimasti intrappolati, come noi. Hanno lottato contro la stessa forza.
(Perhaps they remained trapped, like us. They fought against the same force.)

MARKARY
No. Guardate il metallo. È corroso dall'interno, non dall'atmosfera. È come se la nave stessa fosse stata... digerita.
(No. Look at the metal. It is corroded from the inside, not by the atmosphere. It's as if the ship itself had been... digested.)

SANYA
Comandante, sento una proiezione... un'eco mentale. È una registrazione del loro passato.
(Commander, I feel a projection... a mental echo. It is a recording of their past.)

MARKARY
Cosa dicono? Riesci a decifrare il senso?
(What are they saying? Can you decipher the meaning?)

SANYA
Dicono... 'Non fuggite. Non c'è spazio dove fuggire. Il vuoto è dentro di noi'.
(They say... 'Do not flee. There is no space where to flee. The void is within us'.)

MARKARY
È una sostituzione. Noi siamo solo gli ultimi arrivati a questo banchetto di ombre.
(It is a substitution. We are only the latest arrivals at this banquet of shadows.)

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ACT 2, SCENE 2: THE REAWAKENING OF THE SHELLS

CHARACTERS:
MARKARY: Holding a flare, his face pale behind his visor.
SANYA: Paralyzed with a mix of scientific curiosity and pure dread.
WES: Panic-stricken, his hands shaking on his pulse-rifle.

SETTING:
The 'Graveyard' outside the **GALLIOTT**. The crew of the Argos has buried their comrades in shallow graves, covered in transparent plastic sheeting. The fog is thick, pulsing with a rhythmic, heartbeat-like thrumming.

MARKARY
Sanya, registra l'ora. Iniziamo l'inumazione dei resti dell'equipaggio della Galliott.
(Sanya, record the time. We are beginning the burial of the remains of the Galliott's crew.)

SANYA
Comandante... sento di nuovo quella vibrazione. Come un battito... sotto i piedi.
(Commander... I feel that vibration again. Like a heartbeat... beneath our feet.)

WES
Guardate le tombe! La terra... si muove!
(Look at the graves! The earth... it's moving!)

STAGE DIRECTION: Slowly, the bodies of the dead crew—Tieri, Kier, and others—rise from the ground. They are still wrapped in their translucent plastic shrouds, which cling to them like second skins.

MARKARY
Perché non parlano? Perché ci fissano così?
(Why don't they speak? Why do they stare at us like that?)

SANYA
(A whisper of disbelief)
Non è possibile. I parametri vitali erano a zero. Erano freddi... erano cenere.
(It’s not possible. The vital parameters were at zero. They were cold... they were ashes.)

MARKARY
(Stepping forward, flare held high)
Indietro! State lontani dalle lastre! Sanya, guarda... non si muovono come esseri viventi. Come

se un unico nervo li stesse tirando su.
(Back! Stay away from the slabs! Sanya, look... they don't move like living beings. As if a single nerve were pulling them up.)

WES
Kier... è Kier! Ma era morto... lo abbiamo visto!
(Kier... it's Kier! But he was dead... we saw him!)

IL RISORTO (THE RISEN KIER)
(A voice that sounds like grinding stone, echoing in their headsets)
Noi... siamo... voi. Abbiamo bisogno... di voi.
(We... are... you. We need... you.)

SANYA
Markary, il pianeta sta indossando i loro cadaveri come se fossero dei guanti!
(Markary, the planet is wearing their corpses as if they were gloves!)

WES
Vogliono la nave! Vogliono la Argos per andarsene da qui!
(They want the ship! They want the Argos to get out of here!)

MARKARY
Non avrete nulla! Fuoco! Distruggete i simulacri!
(You shall have nothing! Fire! Destroy the simulacra!)

STAGE DIRECTION: Bright bursts of red laser fire illuminate the fog. **The Risen** do not flinch or fall; they simply absorb the light, their plastic shrouds shimmering. They begin to walk toward the living with a slow, rhythmic gait.

SANYA
I colpi... non li hanno fermati. Li hanno solo... illuminati.
(The shots... they didn't stop them. They only… illuminated them.)

MARKARY
Dobbiamo decollare. Subito. Se restiamo qui, diventeremo come loro.
(We must take off. Now. If we stay here, we will become like them.)

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ACT 2, SCENE 3: THE DISSOLUTION OF WES

CHARACTERS
WES: Isolated, spiraling into total sensory overload.
SANYA: (Via Radio / Offstage) The voice of cold, terrifying data.
MARKARY: (Via Radio / then Onstage) The commander trying to hold onto a dying reality.

SETTING:
A 'liminal' space on the surface of **Aura**. The fog here is thick and yellowish, smelling of sulfur. The lighting is low and monochromatic. The sound of the wind has been replaced by a low, dissonant hum that seems to vibrate Wes's very bones.

WES
(Stumbling through the mist, his breathing heavy and ragged in his helmet)
Markary? Sanya? La nebbia... è diventata solida. Non sento più i miei passi. Rispondete!
(Markary? Sanya? The fog... it has become solid. I can no longer hear my own footsteps. Answer me!)

STAGE DIRECTION: Figures begin to emerge from the yellow haze. They are the corpses of the Galliott crew, but they move with a fluid, unnatural grace. They do not walk; they glide. Their eyes glow with a faint, internal light.

WES
C'è qualcuno? Kier? Sei tu? Rispondi... la tua tuta è lacerata, come fai a respirare?
(Is someone there? Kier? Is it you? Answer me... your suit is torn, how are you breathing?)

SANYA
(via Radio): Wes! Torna indietro! I rilevatori segnano un picco di energia biologica vicino a te!
(Wes! Come back! The detectors are showing a peak of biological energy near you!)

WES
Mi stanno fissando... non hanno occhi, hanno solo... ombra.
(They are staring at me... they have no eyes, they only have... shadow.)

STAGE DIRECTION: The figures of the dead touch him gently, almost lovingly, then melt back into the fog.

WES
Ah! Mi toccano... brucia! Brucia come ghiaccio!
(Ah! They are touching me... it burns! It burns like ice!)

MARKARY
(via Radio): Wes, resisti! Stiamo arrivando! Usa il laser!
(Wes, hold on! We are coming! Use the laser!)

WES
(Urlando): Non è la carne... stanno entrando nei miei pensieri! Mi stanno cancellando!
(It's not the flesh... they are entering my thoughts! They are erasing me!)

STAGE DIRECTION: Wes collapses as Markary and Sanya burst onto the stage. Wes is lying face down, his suit strangely collapsed, as if there is no longer a body inside it.

SANYA
(Kneeling beside him, then recoiling in horror)
È... è completamente svuotato. Guardate la pelle.
(He is... he is completely emptied. Look at the skin.)

MARKARY
(Stopping her from touching the body)
Non toccatelo. Il processo è ancora in corso. La sua struttura molecolare sta cambiando. Aura lo sta riassemblando.
(Don't touch him. The process is still ongoing. His molecular structure is changing. Aura is reassembling him.)

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ACT 3, SCENE 1: THE PARANOIA OF THE CARRIERS

CHARACTERS:
MARKARY: Armed, pacing like a caged animal.
SANYA: Working feverishly at a computer terminal, her face pale.

SETTING:
The interior of the **ARGOS**. The ship is under 'Blackout' conditions—dim, blue auxiliary lights cast long, nervous shadows. The sound of welding and sparks comes from the lower decks. The air is thick with the smell of scorched metal and ozone.

SANYA
(Whispering, her voice cracking)
L'hanno portata dentro. La sento. È nelle pareti... è nel sistema di ricircolo dell'aria. Il pianeta

sta respirando insieme a noi.
(They brought it inside. I feel it. It’s in the walls... it’s in the air circulation system. The planet is breathing along with us.)

MARKARY
Basta, Sanya! Abbiamo sigillato i portelli. La nave è a tenuta stagna. Siamo ancora noi.
(Enough, Sanya! We’ve sealed the hatches. The ship is airtight. We are still ourselves.)

SANYA
Siamo sicuri, Markary? Kier ha detto che siamo 'continuità'. Cosa succede se il contagio non ha bisogno di un morso? Cosa succede se basta la... vicinanza?
(Are we sure, Markary? Kier said we are 'continuity.' What happens if the contagion doesn't need a bite? What happens if... proximity is enough?)

MARKARY
State suggerendo che uno di noi è già cambiato? Che siamo dei traditori del nostro stesso sangue?Perché non hai risposto quando ti ho chiamata, Sanya? Cosa stavi facendo nel buio?
(Are you suggesting that one of us has already changed? That we are traitors to our own blood? Why didn't you answer when I called you, Sanya? What were you doing in the dark?)

SANYA
(Turning slowly, her expression eerily calm)
Cercavo di sentire il silenzio, Markary. È l'unica cosa vera su questo mondo. Tutto il resto… è solo rumore.
(I was trying to hear the silence, Markary. It is the only true thing on this world. Everything else… is just noise.)

MARKARY
(Drawing his weapon, but looking conflicted)
Sanya... Dimmi qualcosa che solo Sanya saprebbe.
(Sanya... Tell me something that only Sanya would know.)

SANYA
(A cold smile)
Il dolore è umano, Markary. E io non sento più dolore. Sento solo... una grande espansione. Come se la mia mente stesse finalmente uscendo da questa piccola scatola di osso.
(Pain is human, Markary. And I no longer feel pain. I feel only... a great expansion. As if my mind were finally stepping out of this little box of bone.)

MARKARY
(Stepping back, aiming at the ship’s reactor core)
Se non possiamo fidarci della nostra carne, allora non possiamo lasciare questo pianeta. Se Aura vuole la nostra nave, avrà solo un sole di fuoco.
(If we cannot trust our own flesh, then we cannot leave this planet. If Aura wants our ship, it will have only a sun of fire.)

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ACT 3, SCENE 2: THE ARRIVAL AT THE THIRD PLANET

CHARACTERS:
MARKARY: Sitting in the command chair, his posture rigid, his eyes unnervingly still.
SANYA: Standing beside him, looking out at the stars with a faint, distant smile.

SETTING:
The bridge of the **ARGOS**. The ship is silent now, moving through the deep velvet of space. The violent reds and greens of Aura have been replaced by a soft, ethereal blue light emanating from a planet on the viewscreen. The 'stage' feels peaceful, but it is the peace of a tomb.

SANYA
(Her voice melodic and hollow)
Guarda... la nebbia è sparita. Il cielo è così limpido. È quasi... irreale.
(Look... the fog is gone. The sky is so clear. It is almost... unreal.)

MARKARY
In fondo...
(Ultimately...)

SANYA
... abbiamo solo bisogno di un po' di spazio per vivere.
(... we only need a little space to live.)

MARKARY
(Touching the viewport glass)
Credi che ci accetteranno?
(Do you believe they will accept us?)

SANYA
(Without turning her head)
Abbiamo un aspetto così... diverso da loro.
(We look so... different from them.)

MARKARY
Sì. È il mondo che cercavamo. Il terzo pianeta di questo sistema.
(Yes. It is the world we were looking for. The third planet of this system.

SANYA
È piccolo, ma basterà per tutti noi.
(It is small, but it will be enough for all of us.)

MARKARY
Non ci vedranno nemmeno. Abiteremo i loro sogni finché non diventeranno i nostri.
(They won't even see us. We will inhabit their dreams until they become ours.)

SANYA
(Leaning forward as the planet grows larger on the screen)
Miliardi di menti che gridano nel buio.
(Billions of minds screaming in the dark.)

STAGE DIRECTION: The blue light of the planet (Earth) floods the stage, washing out the faces of Markary and Sanya until they are nothing but silhouettes. The sound of a heartbeat—the same rhythmic thrumming from Aura—begins to play, growing louder and louder until it fills the theater. The screen fades to black.

PART TWO

TERRORE NELLO SPAZIO

Opera da Camera in un Atto

Libretto by ZJC (2026)
after the film by Mario Bava

Style Inspiration: Alexander Courage / Sol Kaplan — Bold romantic fanfare meets experimental modernism, with the eerie, nostalgic sci-fi sound of the 1960s.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1.**Dramatis Personae & Voice Types**
2.**Orchestral Palette & Special Effects**
3.**Complete Leitmotif System**
4.**Synopsis**
5.**Libretto with Musical Annotations (Scene by Scene)**

•OVERTURE — Il Segnale
•ACT I, SCENE 1 — Orbit of Aura
•ACT I, SCENE 2 — La Febbre di Aura
•ACT I, SCENE 3 — L'Es umazione del Silenzio
•ACT I, SCENE 4 — La Galleria dei Dannati
•ACT II, SCENE 1 — Il Relitto Ciclopico
•ACT II, SCENE 2 — Il Risveglio dei Simulacri
•ACT II, SCENE 3 — La Dissoluzione di Wes
•ACT III, SCENE 1 — La Paranoia dei Portatori

•ACT III, SCENE 2 — L’Arrivo sul Terzo Pianeta
6.**Thematic Transformation Table**
7.**Timing & Practical Considerations**

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1. DRAMATIS PERSONAE & VOICE TYPES

Character	Voice Type	Description	Arc Summary
MARKARY	Bass-baritone	Commander of the Argos. Stoic, authoritative, driven by Volontà (will). His voice has weight and gravity.	Heroic → Broken → Hollow vessel
SANYA	High lyric soprano	Navigator. Sensitive to psychic shifts. Her voice can float ethereally or cut with terror.	Sensitive → Visionary → Possessed
WES	Character tenor	Junior officer. Vulnerable, prone to the physical effects of the planet. His voice is higher, strained, often on the edge of control.	Victim → Sacrifice → Absent
THE RISEN	Mixed chorus (6-8) + soloists	The dead crew of the Galliott, animated by Aura. Voices are processed, hollow, with no vibrato. They speak/sing in layered canon.	The planet’s voice
CREW CHORUS	SATB (offstage)	The crew of the Argos, heard over the intercom. Panicked, layered, then silent after Act 1.	Act 1 only—they die so the Risen can speak

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2. ORCHESTRAL PALETTE & SPECIAL EFFECTS

The Ensemble (22 players)

Section	Instruments	Role
Brass (4)	2 French horns, 2 trumpets (with mutes, plungers), 1 trombone	Markary's theme, heroic moments, alarms, corrupted fanfares
Woodwinds (4)	Flute (doubling piccolo), bass clarinet, contrabassoon	Ghost transmissions, the "scratching,"Aura's low breathing
Strings (10)	6 violins, 4 violas, 3 cellos, 2 basses	Texture, terror, beauty—the emotional core
Keyboards (3)	Vibraphone, celesta, harp (1 player each)	The "glowing fog" sound—ethereal, alien
Percussion (2)	Timpani, tam-tam, wind machine, metal sheets, bowed cymbal, flexatone, crotales, antique cymbals, water gong, prepared piano (inside)	The heartbeat, the crash, the uncanny
Voice (10)	Female chorus (6-8 voices)	Aura's consciousness, the fog singing

Special Effects & Electronics

Effect	Use
Live vocal processing	For the Risen: heavy reverb, pitch-shifting, ring modulation
Tape delay/looping	The Signal motif (E–Bb–A) echoes and decays
Sub-bass synthesizer	Infrasonic pulses felt in the chest, not heard
Spatial audio	The Risen's voices move around the theater; the Signal comes from all

Effect	Use
	directions
Pre-recorded chorus	The alien ghosts in Act 2, Scene 1
Wind machine	Physical instrument for the descent and fog
Bowed vibraphone	All possession moments—creates an eerie, sustained, glassy tone
Col legno strings	The "scratching" motif—tapping the strings with the wooden part of the bow
Prepared piano	Screws on strings, played with bow or mallet for uncanny effects

3. COMPLETE LEITMOTIF SYSTEM

Motif	Notes / Rhythm	Instrumentation	Represents	Transformation Arc
The Signal	E – Bb – A (tritone)	Muted trumpet → vibraphone → full orchestra	The distress call, the trap	Act 1: Distant beacon. Act 2: Internalized (Wes hears it). Act 3: Triumphant (they are it)
Aura **(pitched)**	C – Db – F# – E	Bass clarinet, low strings, female chorus	The planet, possession	Act 1: External threat. Act 2: Infiltration. Act 3: Identity
Aura**'s Pulse**	dum … dum-dum … … dum (irregular)	Contrabass, sub-bass synth, bowed cymbal	The planet's heartbeat	Act 1: Subliminal. Act 2: Dominant. Act 3: Internalized
Humanity	A – D – E (fragile)	Solo violin, flute, celesta	Human life, hope	Act 1: Pure. Act 2: Stretched. Act 3: Absorbed
Volontà (Markary**'s Will)**	Rising perfect fifth (C–G)	French horn, then brass	Human will, resistance	Act 1: Heroic. Act 2: Desperate. Act 3: Absent

Motif	Notes / Rhythm	Instrumentation	Represents	Transformation Arc
The Scratching	Unpitched: col legno, bowed vibraphone, glass harmonics	Strings, percussion, prepared piano	Mental invasion	Act 1: In Wes's mind. Act 2: In the orchestra. Act 3: In the silence
The Simulacri	Plastic rustling + distorted breathing	Percussion (brushed snare, crinkled plastic), processed voice	The risen dead	Act 2 only
Two Centers	E (Markary) vs. F (Sanya)	Throughout the orchestra	Order vs. transformation	Act 1: Separate. Act 2: Intertwined. Act 3: F dominates

4. SYNOPSIS

A spaceship, the **ARGOS**, receives a fragmentary distress signal from a lost vessel, the GALLIOTT, near the mysterious planet **AURA**. Forced to land, the crew—Commander **MARKARY**, navigator **SANYA**, and junior officer **WES**—discover the Galliott's crew dead under horrific circumstances, their bodies crystallized and arranged like macabre statues.

On the planet's surface, they encounter ancient alien ruins containing the skeletons of giant beings who suffered the same fate. The planet **AURA**, it becomes clear, is not a world but a consciousness—one that tests, infiltrates, and ultimately possesses those who land on it.

The dead of the Galliott rise as animate simulacra, speaking in hollow voices. **WES** is psychically dissolved, his body emptied and remade by the planet. Aboard the Argos, paranoia consumes Markary and Sanya as they realize the infection has spread to them. In the final scene, the Argos arrives at Earth—but Markary and Sanya speak in the same fragmented phrases as the Risen. They are no longer human. They are carriers. Aura has won.

5. LIBRETTO WITH MUSICAL ANNOTATIONS

OVERTURE — Il Segnale

Duration: approx. 2 minutes

ORCHESTRA: Low strings tremble. Muted brass pulses like a radar beacon. Vibraphone and celesta flicker like distant stars.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**The Signal motif (E–Bb–A)** is introduced by a solo muted trumpet, distant. The space between the notes is as important as the notes themselves—silence, then the motif repeats faster, then slower, as if searching.
•On the third repetition, the vibraphone (bowed) takes the motif, sustaining it into a shimmering haze.
•The celesta flickers around the motif, never quite landing.

CHORUS (distant, electronic, processed)

Riceviamo un segnale modulato…
una richiesta…
una richiesta di soccorso…

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•The chorus is not sung but **spoken through heavy processing**—megaphone effect, tape delay. The words fragment.
•"Riceviamo" comes from stage left. "…segnale" from stage right. "…modulato" from above.
•The orchestra holds a low C (the root of Aura) underneath.

ACT I, SCENE 1 — Orbit of Aura

Duration: approx. 8-10 minutes

SETTING: The interior of the spaceship **ARGOS**. Lighting: expressionistic—deep crimsons and acidic greens. The stage feels claustrophobic. Outside the viewports, the planet **AURA** swirls with toxic mist.

ORCHESTRA: The ship's heartbeat—a steady, mechanistic rhythm in cellos and basses (pizzicato). High woodwinds flutter nervously.

RECITATIVE

MARKARY (into communicator, voice steady)

Attenzione…
qui parla il Comandante della Argos.
Entriamo ora
nell'orbita
di un pianeta ignoto.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**Orchestra:** The ship's pulse pauses. A single French horn holds a long, noble note (C, sustained). This is Markary's theme—Volontà—confident, human, in control.
•**Vocal line:** Syllabic, declamatory. Each syllable lands on a firm note. No ornamentation.

ARIOSO

SANYA (leaning over glowing radar screen, light shifts to eerie green)

Segnale di soccorso captato, Comandante…
Proviene dalla Galliott…
ma è frammentario…
come un'eco…
un'eco dal passato.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**Orchestra:** Vibraphone enters for the first time, playing the "echo" of Sanya's last note. On "frammentario," a shimmering roll.
•High strings enter with tremolo on one note, creating tension.
•Flute echoes the phrase "dal passato" like a ghost transmission—half a beat late, softer.
•**Key shift:** C major begins to slip—hints of C minor.

MARKARY

Tentate il contatto diretto.
Aumentare
la schermatura
antiradiazioni.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**Orchestra:** Sharp chord (brass + percussion). The ship's pulse reasserts itself, but now there's a faint tremor underneath—the Aura pulse, barely audible.

CHORUS OF THE CREW (INTERCOM)

(Voices layered, panicked, offstage)

Pressione esterna in aumento!
Quattro…
Cinque…

La struttura non regge!
La nave—
la nave sta gridando!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**Orchestra:** A sudden, violent shriek from high strings and brass—a tone cluster (everyone plays adjacent notes simultaneously). It cuts off abruptly.
•The voices should be **taped and processed**, sounding slightly distorted and mechanical, like a failing intercom.
•On "la nave sta gridando," the orchestra screams with them—the same cluster, held, then released.

FIRST ARIA — 'Il Ronzio'

WES (clutching his head, stumbling forward, harsh white light on him)

Sento…
un ronzio.
Non viene dai motori.
È qui dentro.
Qui.
Come unghie invisibili
che graffiano
il vetro
della mia mente.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**Orchestra:** Eerie suspended harmony. Strings play **col legno** (tapping the wood on the strings)—skeletal fingers on glass.
•Bass clarinet doubles his line, adding a dark, woody resonance.
•On "graffiano il vetro," the **bowed vibraphone** enters with a long, slow, ascending line—the "scratching" made audible.

•**Vocal line:** Fragmented, breathy. Short phrases, pauses. On “graffiano,” his voice rises and cracks.

MARKARY (grabbing Wes by the shoulder)

Resisti, Wes!
È la pressione atmosferica
che gioca con i tuoi nervi.
Restate ai vostri posti!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**Orchestra:** The French horn returns—Markary’s theme—pushing against the dissonance. The scratching sounds retreat, but do not disappear.

SANYA (gasping, staring at the viewport)

Guardate…
la nebbia si apre.
Ma non è un pianeta, Markary.
È un abisso.
Un abisso
che ci guarda.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**This is the emotional heart of the scene.**
•**Orchestra:** The chaos drops away. Silence, except for a single vibraphone note (C) that rings and rings.
•High strings enter with **harmonics**—airy, ethereal, no vibrato.
•**Female chorus** (offstage, or appearing in the fog) enters wordless, humming a cluster around Sanya’s voice.

•On “guarda,” the orchestra holds a single chord (C minor with added F#—the Aura motif embedded). Sanya holds the note. 5-7 seconds of stillness.
•Then: flute, a slow descending line, like the abyss exhaling.

CHORUS OF THE CREW (INTERCOM)

(Voices now hysterical, overlapping)

Non voglio morire così!
Lasciatemi uscire!
Devo uscire!
Devo uscire!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Full chaos. Trombones blare dissonant blasts. Snare drum rattles. The ship’s pulse becomes a frantic, speeding heartbeat in the timpani.
•The voices are half-sung, half-screamed—expressionist.

ARIA DI FERRO

MARKARY (ignoring the chaos, turning to Sanya)

Inizia la manovra di atterraggio forzato.
Non possiamo abbandonare
la Galliott nel vuoto.
Se loro sono scesi,
noi li seguiremo…
fino all’inferno,
se necessario.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**Vocal line:** The most heroic statement of his theme. On "fino all'inferno," his voice drops to a low, grave note—gravity, acceptance, duty.
•**Orchestra:** Full brass section plays his theme in unison. Triumphant, but dark. Major key, but with a shadow.
•**Undermining:** Low strings play the Aura motif underneath—he doesn't hear it, but we do.

ENSEMBLE — DESCENT

SANYA
La nebbia ci avvolge!

WES
Il ronzio cresce!

CHORUS
Pressione! Pressione!

MARKARY
Rotta di atterraggio!

ALL TOGETHER
Qualcosa…
ci chiama…
da AURA!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Everyone overlaps musically. The orchestra builds to a massive crescendo.
•The Aura motif expands through all instruments.

ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE — 'La Caduta'

(The crash)

MUSICAL ANNOTATION (90-second continuous descent):

•**0-10 sec:** Brass cluster (every brass player holds a different note, loud). Cut abruptly to silence.
•**10-15 sec:** Timpani heartbeat—slow, then doubling in speed.
•**15-25 sec:** String glissandi: all strings slide from high to low, like the ship falling.
•**25-35 sec:** Wind machine howls. Tam-tam crash.
•**35-50 sec:** Chorus whispers fragments: "Quattro… Cinque… La nave…" Layered, overlapping, panicked.
•**50-70 sec:** All elements combine: brass, strings, percussion, wind, chorus. Building.
•**70-85 sec:** Final scream: "AURA!" from full chorus and orchestra.
•**85-90 sec:** Cut to black. Silence. One metallic resonance (vibraphone or tam-tam) fades slowly.

ACT I, SCENE 2 — La Febbre di Aura

Duration: approx. 10-12 minutes

SETTING: The bridge in total disarray. Red emergency lights pulse slowly, like a heartbeat. The sound of the engines replaced by a heavy, rhythmic thrumming from the planet. Crew scattered on the floor, slowly rising.

ORCHESTRA: Cellos and basses pulse slowly on the Aura motif: C – Db – F# – E. The rhythm is the heartbeat—irregular, biological.

RECITATIVO

MARKARY (coughing, pulling himself up)

Rapporto…
Sanya?
Wes?
Qualcuno mi risponda.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Short, hollow chords from piano and low brass. The ship's pulse is gone; only the planet's remains.

ARIOSO DEL SILENZIO

WES (rising slowly, eyes wide, fixed on nothing)

Perché c'è così tanto silenzio?
Il silenzio fa male…
fa male…
È come se…
si fermasse il tempo.
(pause)
Come se mi stesse mangiando.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Soft high strings (tremolo, very quiet) and bass clarinet.
•On "mangiando," the orchestra slowly echoes downward—a glissando in the strings, a descent in the bass clarinet.
•The Aura pulse continues underneath, inexorable.

TRANCE ARIA — 'Il Rosso'

SANYA (in a trance, staring at her hands)

Il rosso…
vedo solo il rosso.
Il colore del sangue, Comandante.
Il sangue che scorre
sotto la crosta
di questo mondo.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**Orchestra:** Hypnotic. Harp harmonics, vibraphone (bowed), distant choir (wordless).
•Strings introduce a **distorted version of the Aura motif**—played sul ponticello (near the bridge), creating a glassy, unstable sound.
•Sanya's voice floats above, ethereal. The two competing centers emerge: she sings F (her note) while the orchestra holds E (Markary's note) underneath.

MARKARY

Sanya!
Riprenditi!
Dobbiamo controllare i motori.
Se siamo atterrati
dobbiamo sapere
se possiamo ripartire.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•The Command motif briefly returns in brass… but it falters—a missed note, a crack. The planet is already undermining him.

POSSESSION RECITATIVE

WES (turning slowly, voice harsh)

Ripartire?
Vuoi andartene…
perché hai paura di me.
(turns)
Ti vedo, Markary.
Vedo quello che pensi.
Vuoi chiudermi fuori.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Music tightens: low tremolo strings, bass clarinet doubling his line.
•The Scratching motif returns—col legno, bowed vibraphone—but now it's inside the orchestra, not just around Wes.

MARKARY

Wes…
calmati.
È l'atmosfera.
Respira.
Respira profondamente.

THE ATTACK — ORCHESTRAL BURST

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Sudden percussion strike (tam-tam, bass drum).
•Brass cluster, held and shaken.

WES (lunging)

Bugiardo!
Sei un invasore!
Questo posto
mi dice la verità!
Muori!
Muori prima che mi uccidi tu!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Wild, jagged vocal line—intervals leap wildly, voice cracks.
•Orchestra chaotic: metal percussion, string glissandi, wind machine.

FIGHT ENSEMBLE

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Offstage voices screaming. Fragments of text overlap: "Lasciatemi!" "No!" "Via!" "Fermati!"
•The Aura motif expands through the orchestra, growing louder and more distorted.

SANYA (screaming, cutting through the chaos with a high sustained note)

Basta!
Lasciateci stare!
Non siamo noi!
Qualcosa—
qualcosa ci sta usando!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Sudden orchestral vacuum around her voice. Only her note (F) rings out, sustained.
•The orchestra tries to pull her down to E, but she holds. She wins this moment.

STRUGGLE DUET

MARKARY (pinning Wes to the floor)

Guardami!
Sono Markary!
Non lasciarti vincere!
La tua volontà—
usa la tua volontà!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Brass echoes the word "volontà"—a fanfare fragment, desperate.

THE PLANET STOPS

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Abrupt silence. The heartbeat rhythm ceases. Orchestra drops away completely.
•5 seconds of absolute silence.

WES (blinking, voice trembling)

Comandante?
Cosa…
cosa ho fatto?
Le mie mani…
perché sono sporche?

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Only a single piano note remains: A. The Humanity motif, reduced to one note.

MARKARY (helping him up)

Non eri tu.
Era **AURA**.
Il pianeta ha cercato
di spezzarci
nel momento stesso
in cui siamo arrivati.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Low strings quietly restate the Aura motif. It is not threatening now—it is explanatory. The planet is teaching them.

REVELATION

SANYA (walking toward the viewport)

Non ha cercato di spezzarci.
No.
Ci ha provato.
Ci ha testato.
(pause)
E ora sa…
quanto siamo fragili.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Cold sustained chord (C minor with added F#). The Aura motif, frozen.
•The female chorus hums softly—the fog, watching.

WES

Guardate fuori…
il fumo…
la nebbia…
non si vede nulla.

DECISION

MARKARY

Dobbiamo trovare la Galliott.
Se hanno subito quello che abbiamo subito noi…
(he stops)

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•The orchestra hints at something waiting outside—a low rumble, a distant metallic scraping.
•Lights fade deeper red.

ACT I, SCENE 3 — L'Es umazione del Silenzio

Duration: approx. 8 minutes

SETTING: The surface of **AURA**. The stage is buried in thick, rolling fog. Jagged, obsidian-colored rock formations loom out of the mist. The sky is a bruised purple. In the distance, the skeletal silhouette of the GALLIOTT.

ORCHESTRA: Low strings breathe slowly. Wind machine and suspended cymbal create shifting fog. Fragments of the Aura motif drift through the orchestra like mist.

ARIOSO DELLA NEBBIA

SANYA

Il silenzio…
è assoluto.
Non c’è vento—
eppure la nebbia si muove.
Si muove…
come se ascoltasse.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Soft flute echoes her line, half a beat late, like the fog repeating her.
•The female chorus (offstage) hums a single, shifting cluster—they are the fog, wrapping around her voice.

WES

Comandante!
Là—
tra le rocce!
La sagoma della Galliott!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Distant horn calls—Markary’s theme, but thin and far away. Hope, diminished.

EXPLORATION RECITATIVE

MARKARY

Rimanete vicini.
Se la nebbia si chiude
ci perderemo in un istante.
I rilevatori sono inutili qui…
troppo ferro
nell'aria.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Low metallic percussion—the "iron in the air" made audible. Bowed cymbal, flexatone.

WES

Chi è là?!
Ho visto qualcosa muoversi!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Short, sharp orchestral stab. Then silence. False alarm.

SANYA

È solo la nebbia, Wes.
Ma guarda…
come si avvolge
intorno ai nostri passi.
(pause)

Sembra che
ci stia assaggiando.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Strings slide softly around the voices—glissandi, harmonics, sul ponticello. The sound of being tasted.

MARKARY (pointing)

Eccola.
La Galliott.
È atterrata quasi intatta…
ma non vedo luci.
Non vedo vita.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Muted brass chord. Dead. Hollow.

WES

Perché non rispondono?
Se sono vivi…
perché restano al buio?

MARKARY

Forse non possono.
Forse…
è già morta.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Orchestra falls nearly silent. Only the wind machine, howling softly.

PROPHECY

SANYA (touching a rock)

Questa pietra…
vibra.
Ma non è un suono.
È un pensiero.
Un grido
congelato nel tempo.
Markary…
non dovremmo entrare.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•High strings shimmer—harmonics, tremolo. The Aura motif in the vibraphone, very soft.
•The female chorus hums a single, dissonant note. Warning.

DECISION

MARKARY

Dobbiamo.
Se esiste una risposta
a quello che ci è successo—
è dentro quella nave.
Sanya.
Wes.

Pronti
a tutto.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Brass quietly restate Markary's motif. But the horns are muted—they sound pinched, desperate.

TRANSITION

(They approach the airlock. The door hangs open. Green light spills outward.)

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Orchestra thins to dripping percussion: water gong, flexatone, single piano notes.
•The sound of the wind vanishes, replaced by a rhythmic drip.

SANYA (whispering)

L'odore…
ozono bruciato.
E qualcosa…
di dolciastro.

WES

Mio Dio…
guardate…
Capitano…
è l'equipaggio.

MARKARY (shining light on the floor)

Sangue.
Ma è secco.
E le pareti…
segni di lotta.
Non è stato un atterraggio.
È stato
un massacro.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Orchestra darkens. Low strings, contrabassoon. The Aura motif, heavy and slow.
•Blackout transition.

ACT I, SCENE 4 — La Galleria dei Dannati

Duration: approx. 8 minutes

SETTING: Interior of the **GALLIOTT**. The geometry seems skewed. Lighting: violent purples and sickly yellows. The air is thick with shimmering haze. Bodies are slumped over consoles, positioned like macabre statues.

ORCHESTRA: Low choir enters—male voices, humming, microtonally shifting. The sound of the dead.

WES (choked whisper)

Dio mio…
guardateli.

Pietrificati
nell'ultimo istante
del terrore.

LAMENTO

SANYA

È Kier.
Il mio migliore amico.
Ma il suo volto—
guardatelo—
non è più umano.
È una maschera
di odio.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Solo violin echoes her phrase—a lament, but distorted, with microtonal slides.
•The low choir continues underneath, unmoved.

ANALYSIS

MARKARY (examining a body)

Nessun colpo d'arma.
Si sono uccisi
con le mani.
Con i denti.
Come bestie
in una gabbia troppo stretta.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Low percussion heartbeat returns—timpani, very soft. The planet is listening.

WES

Perché?
Perché loro sì—
e noi no?
Siamo uomini anche noi.
Abbiamo lo stesso sangue.

MARKARY

Forse la loro volontà
era più debole.
O forse—
il pianeta
lo voleva così.
(pause)
Ma guardate bene.
C'è qualcosa
che non torna.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Music tightens. Strings play tight, nervous figures. The heartbeat accelerates slightly.

WES

Cosa volete dire?

MARKARY

Le ferite…
non sanguinano.
È come se il corpo
avesse smesso
di essere vivo
nel momento della morte.
La carne…
è cristallizzata.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Cold harmonic cluster—string harmonics, crotales, antique cymbals. Glassy. Brittle. The sound of flesh becoming mineral.

SANYA (pointing)

Markary!
Là!
Un’ombra si è mossa!

WES (firing)

Vieni fuori!
Mostrati!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Red orchestral flash—brass stab, percussion crash. Then silence.

MARKARY

Fermi!
Non c’è nessuno.
Solo
il riflesso
della nostra paura.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•But the orchestra quietly contradicts him—a faint scratching, a whisper of the Aura motif. Something is there.

MARKARY (continued)

Dobbiamo andare.
Questa nave
non è più un rifugio.
È un sarcofago.
E sento…
che il coperchio
si sta chiudendo.

END OF SCENE IV

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Massive metallic groan—metal sheet, tam-tam, water gong. The door slowly closes.
•The Aura motif returns loudly in the orchestra, full and menacing.
•Lights cut to deep red.

ACT II, SCENE 1 — Il Relitto Ciclopico

Duration: approx. 8 minutes

SETTING: A different part of Aura. The fog is thinner, but the air glows with pulsing amber light. In the center of the stage stands the Relic—organic, ribbed like a ribcage, vast. The entrance is a jagged hole like a mouth.

ORCHESTRA: A slow pulsing glow. Low brass and vibraphone repeat the Aura motif, stretched and ancient. Bronze plates (or tam-tam) struck softly—the sound of deep time.

STUPORE

WES (staring up)

Non è una costruzione umana.
Guardate le dimensioni…
È ciclopica.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•His voice echoes in the chamber. A distant horn responds—his own voice, thrown back by the ruins.

ARIA DEL TEMPO

SANYA (touching the structure)

Sento…
sento il tempo

premere contro queste pareti.
Secoli…
millenni…
di solitudine.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•The orchestra slows almost to suspension. Clockwork percussion—random clicks and ticks, like time decaying.
•Eerie women's chorus hums softly—the lament of the giants.

DECISIONE

MARKARY

Dobbiamo entrare.
Se vogliamo capire
cosa è accaduto alla Galliott,
dobbiamo capire
chi è atterrato qui
prima di noi.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Brass chords—quiet but determined. Markary's theme, but now in a minor key. The hero is learning he is not the hero.

WES

E se sono ancora dentro?
Se ci stanno aspettando?

MARKARY

Se fossero vivi
ci avrebbero già ucciso.
Su Aura
il silenzio
è il segno del vincitore.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Low orchestral drop. Silence.

TRANSITION

(They cross the threshold. Blue light floods the stage. Sound becomes cavernous.)

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Reverb on all instruments. The orchestra sounds distant, as if heard through stone.

SANYA

Guardate…

(The chamber opens. Two massive skeletons in pilot chairs.)

WES

Giganti…
non sembrano morti
per incidente.

Guardate
la posizione dei corpi.

INVESTIGAZIONE

MARKARY (approaching)

I crani—
nessun colpo.
Nessuna lama.
Ma le ossa…
sono spezzate
dall'interno.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Dark orchestral rumble. The Aura motif in contrabassoon and bass clarinet, low and ancient.

WES (falling to his knees)

Forse erano prigionieri
come noi.
Hanno combattuto
la stessa forza.

MARKARY

No.
Guardate il metallo.
Corroso

dall’interno.
Non dall’aria.
(pause)
È come se la nave stessa
fosse stata
digerita.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Bass instruments swell uneasily. The “digestion“ is the Aura motif, consuming everything.

THE VISION

SANYA (suddenly freezing)

Comandante…
sento qualcosa.
Una proiezione.
Un’eco mentale.
È il loro passato.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•The orchestra becomes still. A distant chorus begins—pre-recorded, spatialized, coming from all around the theater.

MARKARY

Cosa dicono?
Riesci a capire?

ORACLE

SANYA (translating a voice beyond time)

Dicono—
Non fuggite.
Non esiste luogo
dove fuggire.
(pause)
Il vuoto
è dentro di noi.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•The phrase repeats softly in the ghost chorus, layered, canonic: "Non fuggite… non fuggite… il vuoto è dentro… dentro… dentro…"
•The Aura motif expands into a full chord in the orchestra.

FINAL LINE

MARKARY

È una sostituzione.
Noi
siamo solo
gli ultimi arrivati
a questo
banchetto
di ombre.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Music darkens. The Aura motif in low brass, slowed to near stillness. The feast is over; only the guests remain.
•Lights fade toward amber pulse.

ACT II, SCENE 2 — Il Risveglio dei Simulacri

Duration: approx. 8 minutes

SETTING: The graveyard outside the GALLIOTT. The crew of the Argos has buried their comrades in shallow graves, covered in transparent plastic sheeting. Fog is thick, pulsing with rhythmic thrumming.

ORCHESTRA: Low tremor in contrabasses. The Aura motif returns as a slow heartbeat. Fog rolls across the stage. Dim crimson light.

FUNERAL RECITATIVE

MARKARY

Sanya…
registra l'ora.
Iniziamo
l'inumazione
dell'equipaggio
della Galliott.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•A distant tolling bell in percussion. Muffled drums.

SANYA

Comandante…
sento di nuovo
quella vibrazione.
Come un battito.
Sotto i piedi.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•The orchestra quietly mirrors a heartbeat—timpani, low strings, sub-bass.

WES

Guardate!
Le tombe!
La terra—
si muove!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Sudden orchestral shudder—string glissandi upward, brass stab, percussion crash.

STAGE ACTION

(The graves split open. Bodies rise slowly beneath translucent plastic. The movement is unnatural—as if pulled by invisible strings.)

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•A single, rising tone from the bowed vibraphone. Then another. Then another. Each body rises with its own note.
•The Simulacri rhythm enters: plastic rustling (brushed snare, crinkled plastic), distorted breathing.

MARKARY

Perché non parlano?
Perché ci fissano
così?

SANYA (whispering)

Non è possibile.
I parametri vitali
erano zero.
Erano freddi.
Erano cenere.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•High strings tremble. The female chorus hums a single, dissonant cluster—the sound of skin being worn.

MARKARY

Indietro!
Lontani dalle lastre!
Sanya—
guarda!

Non si muovono
come esseri vivi.
È come se
un unico nervo
li tirasse su.

WES

Kier!
È Kier!
Ma era morto!
Lo abbiamo visto!

THE RISEN SPEAK

(The orchestra drops to an abyssal chord. Voices come through distorted amplification.)

IL RISORTO (KIER)

Noi…
siamo…
voi.
Abbiamo bisogno…
di voi.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•**Layered voices:** Low chorus (male, processed down an octave), high chorus (female, processed with shimmer), whispered voices (the same recording, reversed).
•Spatial distribution: “Noi“ from stage left, “siamo“ from stage right, “voi“ from above.
•The phrase echoes through the chorus, overlapping.

SANYA (horror)

Markary—
il pianeta
indossa i loro cadaveri
come guanti!

WES

Vogliono la nave!
Vogliono la Argos!
Per andarsene
da qui!

COMMAND

MARKARY

Non avrete nulla!
Fuoco!
Distruggete
i simulacri!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Brass blast. Percussion strike. The command motif, desperate.

COMBAT SEQUENCE

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Red laser bursts (percussion only—metal sheets, tam-tam, drum kit).
•Fog flashing with light.
•The simulacra continue advancing, unstoppable. The orchestra builds dissonant waves—tone clusters, glissandi, percussion.
•The laser fire has pitches: C and F# clashing. Even the weapons are part of Aura's harmonic language.

SANYA

I colpi—
non li fermano!
Attraversano il fuoco
come ombre!

MARKARY

Dobbiamo decollare.
Subito.
Se restiamo—
diventeremo
come loro.

END OF SCENE

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•The simulacra close in slowly. Heartbeat grows louder—timpani, bass drum, sub-bass.

•Lights fade to blood-red. The heartbeat continues in the dark.

ACT II, SCENE 3 — La Dissoluzione di Wes

Duration: approx. 8 minutes

SETTING: A liminal space on the surface of Aura. Fog is thick and yellowish, smelling of sulfur. Lighting low and monochromatic. A low, dissonant hum vibrates the air.

ORCHESTRA: Wes's dissolution unfolds in three phases.

PHASE 1 — DISORIENTATION

WES (stumbling, breathing heavy)

Markary?
Sanya?
La nebbia…
è diventata solida.
Non sento più i miei passi.
Rispondete!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Thin high frequencies—tinnitus-like. Glass harmonica (or verrophone) plays long, unstable tones.
•Feedback tones, live-controlled, rising and falling unpredictably.
•Whispered fragments of radio chatter—recordings of the Crew Chorus from Act 1, played backward and slowed.
•Sub-bass drone + metallic resonance. The Aura pulse, faint and irregular.

WES

C’è qualcuno?
Kier? Sei tu?
Rispondi…
la tua tuta è lacerata,
come fai a respirare?

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Strings glissando upward. Whispered choir vowels, barely audible, sliding microtonally.
•Reversed wind sounds.

SANYA (via radio, distorted)

Wes!
Torna indietro!
I rilevatori segnano
un picco di energia
biologica
vicino a te!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Sub-bass pulse strengthens. High-frequency glass harmonics shimmer intermittently.

WES

Mi stanno
fissando…
Non hanno occhi,
hanno solo…
ombra.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Everything drops to low drone. Whispered choir vowels slide slowly out of tune. Heartbeat rhythm slows, then falters.

PHASE 2 — CONTACT

WES

Ah!
Mi toccano…
Brucia!
Brucia
come ghiaccio!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Strings tremolo, glissandi upwards. Metallic scraping.
•**Reversed sounds enter:** reversed breath, reversed footsteps, reversed heartbeat. The audience subconsciously feels time breaking.
•The "beautiful" version of the Aura motif enters—harp, vibraphone, high strings—while underneath, the reversed sounds continue.

MARKARY (via radio)

Wes,
resisti!
Stiamo
arrivando!
Usa il laser!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Pulse reappears—the Aura heartbeat, but now synchronized with the reversed heartbeat.
•Vibraphone tremolo faintly. Choir whispers “ah—oo“ in counterpoint.

PHASE 3 — ERASURE

WES (screaming)

Non è la carne…
stanno entrando
nei miei pensieri!
Mi stanno
cancellando!

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Rising sine tone: pure F (Sanya’s note). Is she complicit?
•Low rumble: E (Markary’s note). He’s arriving too late.
•The heartbeat disappears. The orchestra falls away.
•**Sudden silence** as Wes collapses.

(10 seconds of absolute silence.)

SANYA (kneeling, then recoiling—spoken, not sung)

È…
è
completamente
svuotato.
Guardate
la pelle.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Whispered female chorus, sliding slowly downward.
•Sub-bass hum continues, ominous and slow.
•The first time a character breaks into speech. Normal expression is no longer possible.

MARKARY (stopping her from touching)

Non toccatelo.
Il processo
è ancora in corso.
La sua struttura
molecolare sta cambiando.
Aura lo sta riassemblando.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Choir + organ cluster slowly rises—ambiguous, cosmic dread.
•Strings harmonics fade into distant echo.
•Wes's suit, empty, lies on stage.

ACT III, SCENE 1 — La Paranoia dei Portatori

Duration: approx. 8 minutes

SETTING: Interior of the **ARGOS**. Blackout conditions—dim blue auxiliary lights cast long, nervous shadows. The sound of welding and sparks from lower decks. Air thick with scorched metal and ozone.

ORCHESTRA: The ship's pulse returns, but it's the same rhythm as Aura's heartbeat. The ship is the planet now. Two competing tonal centers: Markary (E), Sanya (F). Under dialogue, the pulse is E, but electronic interference (F) keeps cutting through.

SANYA (whispering, voice cracking)

L’hanno
portata dentro.
La sento.
È nelle pareti…
è nel sistema
di ricircolo
dell’aria.
Il pianeta sta respirando
insieme a noi.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•High, eerie strings tremolo. Distant metallic clinks. Whispered female choir vowels: ’ah—oo—ah’ on the Aura motif.
•Sub-bass drone throbs like a heartbeat.

MARKARY

Basta,
Sanya!
Abbiamo
sigillato i portelli.
La nave
è a tenuta
stagna.
Siamo
ancora noi.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Low brass chords, soft but tense. The pulse steadies slightly under his dialogue, but the F interference continues.

SANYA

Siamo
sicuri,
Markary?
Kier ha detto
che siamo
'continuità'.
Cosa succede
se il contagio
non ha bisogno
di un morso?
Cosa succede
se basta la…
vicinanza?

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Strings with subtle dissonance—almost whispering. Vibraphone tremolo faintly underneath, oscillating C–Eb–F#–Eb.
•The F interference grows stronger.

MARKARY

State suggerendo
che uno di noi
è già cambiato?
Che siamo

dei traditori
del nostro stesso
sangue?
Perché non hai
risposto quando
ti ho chiamata,
Sanya?
Cosa stavi
facendo nel buio?

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Choir cluster: 'oo—ah—oo,' sliding out of tune.
•Pulse picks up tension, irregular—a faltering heartbeat.
•**3 seconds of silence** after his question. Only the sound of the ship's systems.

SANYA (turning slowly, eerily calm)

Cercavo
di sentire il
silenzio, Markary.
È l'unica cosa
vera su questo
mondo.
Tutto il resto…
è solo rumore.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Music fades slightly—sparse vibraphone, sub-bass drone, high strings sul ponticello. Hallucinatory stillness.
•The vibraphone oscillates: C–Eb–F#–Eb. The Aura motif, hypnotic.

MARKARY (drawing his weapon)

Sanya…
Dimmi qualcosa
che solo Sanya saprebbe.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Suspenseful silence. Whispered electronic interference—radio static, subtly layered.
•The orchestra holds its breath.

SANYA (a cold smile)

Il dolore è
umano, Markary.
E io non sento
più dolore.
Sento solo…
una grande espansione.
Come se la mia mente
stesse finalmente
uscendo da questa
piccola scatola di osso.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Choir rises slowly in ambiguous cluster chords. Strings glissando upward.
•Vibraphone pattern oscillates: C–Eb–F#–Eb.
•The female chorus rises with her, their voices merging. By the end, we can’t tell where Sanya ends and Aura begins.

MARKARY (stepping back, aiming at the reactor)

Se non possiamo
fidarci della nostra carne,
allora non possiamo
lasciare questo pianeta.
Se Aura vuole la nostra nave,
avrà solo un sole di fuoco.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Sudden compression: all instruments converge into dissonant cluster chord: **C–C#–D–Eb**, held fortississimo.
•Cut to absolute silence at the end of the line.
•Markary's threat hangs in the void.

ACT III, SCENE 2 — L'Arrivo sul Terzo Pianeta

Duration: approx. 6 minutes

SETTING: The bridge of the **ARGOS**. The ship is silent now, moving through deep velvet space. The violent reds and greens of Aura replaced by soft, ethereal blue light from a planet on the viewscreen. The stage feels peaceful—the peace of a tomb.

ORCHESTRA: Beautiful. Ravishing. The dissonance of the previous scene resolves into luminous harmony. The audience should feel relief—at first.

SANYA (voice melodic and hollow)

Guarda…
la nebbia
è sparita.
Il cielo
è così limpido.
È quasi…
irreale.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Soft vibraphone tremolo. High strings sul ponticello glissando—shimmering.
•Whispered female choir: 'ah—oo—ah' on the Aura motif. Too beautiful to be threatening.
•Sub-bass hum faint but steady—felt, not heard.

MARKARY

In fondo…
(pause)

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Sparse low brass chords, as if breathing in space.
•Silence lingers on "In fondo…" The pause is filled with sub-bass—Aura listening.

SANYA (completing his sentence)

… abbiamo
solo bisogno
di un po' di spazio
per vivere.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•She sings this to the **exact rhythm and contour** of Kier's "Noi… siamo… voi" from Act 2. The audience may not consciously recognize it, but they'll feel the echo.
•Choir fades, leaving delicate vibraphone pulses echoing. Light harp glissando.

MARKARY

Credi
che ci
accetteranno?

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Subtle wind machine—cosmic air stirring. The heartbeat pulse grows very slightly.

SANYA

Abbiamo
un aspetto
così…
diverso
da loro.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Strings stretch in sustained clusters—almost like a sigh. The Aura motif, now a lullaby.

MARKARY

Sì.
È il mondo

che cercavamo.
Il terzo
pianeta
di questo
sistema.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Choir rises faintly. Vibraphone oscillates C–Eb–F#–Eb. Low rumble beneath glassy strings.

SANYA

È piccolo,
ma basterà
per tutti noi.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•High strings tremolo, hovering. Drone softens. Silence at the end of her line—hope, inevitability.

MARKARY

Non
ci vedranno
nemmeno.
Abiteremo
i loro
sogni
finché
non diventeranno
i nostri.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Glissando upward in strings. Choir vowels stretch: 'oo—ah—oo.'
•Markary's theme returns, but played by **vibraphone**—hollow, beautiful, inhuman.
•His voice and Sanya's merge on a unison **F**. Sanya's note has won.

SANYA

Miliardi
di menti
che gridano
nel buio.

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•Her voice soars. The orchestra swells. It is triumphant. For a terrible moment, we feel this is a happy ending.

FINAL MOMENTS

MUSICAL ANNOTATION:

•The heartbeat pulse from Aura returns **full-force**—timpani, bass drum, low strings, sub-bass. Rhythmic thrumming echoing the play's opening.
•All instruments gradually swell as the planet's blue light floods the stage.
•**Final chord:** dissonant cluster **C–C#–D–Eb**, held and fading. It's the same cluster from the reactor moment, but now it's not a threat—it's a benediction. The planet has won. The music accepts this.

(The chord fades into silence.)

(The heartbeat continues.)

4 beats. 3 beats. 2 beats. 1 beat.

(Silence.)

(After 10 seconds, a single, distant fragment of the Signal motif: E – Bb – A.)

(Then nothing.)

BLACKOUT.

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6. THEMATIC TRANSFORMATION TABLE

Element	**Act 1**	**Act 2**	**Act 3**
Aura **Motif**	In bass, external threat	In orchestra, infiltrating	Sung by characters, identity
Humanity Motif (A–D–E)	Pure, fragile	Stretched, corrupted	Absorbed into Aura
Markary**'s E**	Dominant, confident	Faltering, questioned	Absent (sung hollow)
Sanya**'s F**	Subordinate, sensitive	Rising, questioning	Triumphant, dominant
The Signal	Distant beacon	Internalized by Wes	Sung by Markary & Sanya
Heartbeat	Ship's pulse	Planet's pulse	Both are one
Chorus	Offstage, panicked crew	Onstage, the Risen	In the air, the fog itself
Silence	Absence of sound	Threat	Identity

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7. TIMING & PRACTICAL CONSIDERATIONS

Estimated Total Duration: 70-75 minutes

Section	Duration
Overture	2 min
Act I, Scene 1	8-10 min
Act I, Scene 2	10-12 min
Act I, Scene 3	8 min
Act I, Scene 4	8 min
Act II, Scene 1	8 min
Act II, Scene 2	8 min
Act II, Scene 3	8 min
Act III, Scene 1	8 min
Act III, Scene 2	6 min

Orchestra: 22 players

Chorus: 10 singers (doubling all roles)

Staging: Heavy fog, expressionistic lighting, minimal sets

Language: Italian with English supertitles

FOR THE COMPOSER

This libretto is not a set of instructions—it's an invitation. Every musical annotation is a suggestion, a direction, a color. If you hear something different, follow it. If a motif wants to transform in a way I haven't imagined, let it.

The only essential elements are:

•The **Signal motif** (E–Bb–A) as a structural anchor
•The Aura **motif** (C–Db–F#–E) as the planet's voice
•The **two centers** (E vs. F) as the dramatic conflict
•The **three-phase dissolution of Wes** as a ritual structure
•The **final silence** as the ultimate statement

Everything else is yours to discover.

This opera exists. It just needs to be heard.

TERROR